

seuene candilstickis of gold. & in
 ye myddel of ye seuene candillic
 kis golden: con lyk to ye sone of
 ma clopid wip along garuemet
 & gird at ye teetis wip a golden
 girdil: and ye heed of hi & his hee
 ris. were whyt as whyt wolle:
 & as snow: & ye hyen of hi as flam
 me of fyre: & his feet lyk to la
 tou as in a brennyge chymenei:
 & ye vois of hi: as ye vois of
 many watris: & he hadde in his
 ryzthond seuene steris: & a
 ryberd sharp on euery side we
 te out of his moun: & his face:
 as ye fyne shynen in his vtu:
 & whane he hadde seyn hi: he fel
 de don at his feet as deed: & he
 puttide his ryzthond on me: &
 seide: wyle p' d'ede: I am ye fir
 ste & ye laste: & I am alme & I
 was deed: & lo I am lyuynge into
 worldis of worldis: & I haue pe
 keyes of deep & of helle: p'fore
 wryte you whiche pigis p' hant
 seyn: & whiche ben: & whiche u
 bihouep to be don astir pes pigi
 pe sacramet of ye seuene ster
 ris: whiche you syzest in my ryz
 thond: & ye seuene goldu candil
 stickis: ye seuene steris: be an
 gels of ye seuene churchis: & ye
 seuene candilstickis: ben se
 uene churchis: **A**nd to ye angel of ye
 church of efesus: wry
 te you pes pigis seyn he p' holdy
 ye seuene steris in his ryzthod:
 whiche walky in ye myddel of ye
 seuene goldu candilstickis: I wo
 ot p' werkis & trauel: & p' paci
 ence: & p' you want not suffre
 yuel me: & you hant alayd he p'

seyn pat pei ben apostlis & ben
 not: & you hant soude he heris:
 & p' hant patience: & p' hant suffrid
 for my name: & failedest not: but
 I haue azens pee asenye pigis:
 p' you hant lest p' fustichearte:
 p'fore be you mydesul fro whan
 you hant falle: & do penance: & do
 ye fustir werkis: erwellis: I co
 me to pee soone: & I shal wone
 p' candilstick fro his place:
 but you do penance: but p' hant
 pis good pig: p' you hantidit yed
 dis of nycholaytis ye whiche al
 so I hate: he p' hant eerns heere he
 what ye spirit seyn to ye church:
 to hy p' oucomey: I shal yne to
 ete of ye tre of lyf: p' is in ye pa
 radis of my god: **A**nd to ye an
 gel of ye church of Smyrna: wry
 te you pes pigis seyn ye fustir &
 ye laste: p' was deed & lyuey: I
 woot p' tribulaciou: & p' pouert:
 but you art ryche: & you art bla
 ssemmed of he pat seyn p' pei ben
 ieris & ben not: but ben ye sy
 nagoge of sathanas: d'ede you
 no pig of pes pigis whiche you
 shalt suffre: lo ye denel shal se
 de fyne of you into p'ldu: p' ze
 be t'ptid: & ze shule haue tribu
 laciou: ten dayes: be you seyntid
 to ye deep: & I shal yne to pee a
 crowne of lyf: he p' hant eerns
 heet he: what ye spirit seyn to
 ye church: he p' oucomey: shal
 not be hurt of ye secunde deep: **A**nd
 to ye angel of ye church of per
 gam: wryte you pes pigis seyn
 he pat hant ye ryberd sharp on
 ech syde: I woot wher you dwel
 list: wher ye seete of sathanas
 is: & you holdist my name & deyn